

TRANSVAAL SOUVENIR

So runs the blood when danger lowers
O'er men of British birth
The bugle call from Windsor's towers
Is answered round the earth.

M. BELDING, ST. JOHN, N.B. CANADA. 1899.

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New Brunswick Transvaal Contingent.

OFFICERS:

LIEUT. FRED C. JONES, 3rd Regt. C. A.
LIEUT. J. HARRY KAYE, R. C. R. I.
LIEUT. C. W. WELDON McLEAN, 8th Hussars.

62ND BATT.

Carney, John J.	McDermott, John.
Chisholm, Allan W.	McElhiney, John A.
Coombs, Fred W.	Monteith, Joseph.
Cooper, Walter J.	Pelky, Ambrose.
Downing, Walter.	Penny, Roland.
Foster, Minard G.	Redmond, Chas. T.
Globe, Alex. R.	Robertson, John H.
Grecia, James.	Schofield, Allan McL.
Haydon, Arthur.	Smith, Leo.
Hunter, Wm. L.	Strange, Ernest H.
Irving, Walter H.	Turner, Robert M.
Johnson, Joseph M.	Williams, John H.
Johnston, James.	Williams, Frederick.
Letson, Joseph.	Unkauf, Wm C.

3RD REGT. C. A.

Bryant, William.	Morley, Henry A.
Burnside, James M.	Pascoe, Joseph B.
Craig, Edwin A.	Polkinhorn, Geo.
Donahue, William W.	Rawlings, John.
Doyle, Andrew.	Raymond, Wm. J.
Fabre, David J.	Roberts, Arthur.
Fisher, Walter G.	Scott, John.
Hatfield, Arthur S.	Simpson, Alfred.
Jenkins, Chas. L.	Sprague, Frank W.
Kirkpatrick, Fred A.	Swatridge, Wm. O.
McCain, Frederick.	Walsh, John.
Withers, Fred W.	

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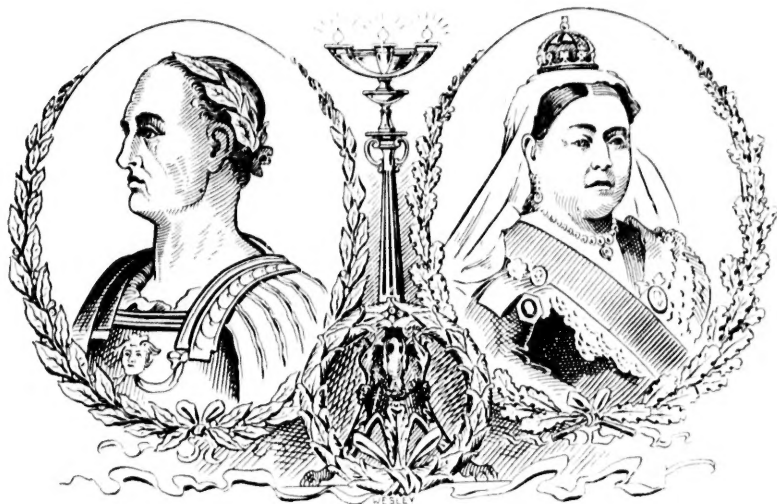


FROM the city of the Loyalists and from the province they founded under the ægis of the flag for which they sacrificed so much, there went out yesterday* a soldier band. The flag their fathers planted on these shores in years ago is their flag. It beckons them now across the seas, where loyalists on another continent are called to arms in its defence. We give of our best, and they go to fight if need be in the battles of the Empire. Our hearts and hopes go with them, and we are assured that whether in war or peace the honor and traditions of their native land will bravely be upheld.

And so they went—the sons of Greater Britain and soldiers of the Queen. They went, these lads that we have known and loved, with a little sinking of the heart, it may be, at the moment of severing the ties of home and friendship; but animated by the same stern spirit that has tracked the wilderness and bridged the seas, tolling upward through the centuries and outward through the regions of the earth, upbuilding that imperial fabric whose strength is freedom, and into whose texture time for a thousand years has woven the imperishable fibre of a Briton's loyalty.

And so they went—and some at home will count the cost, and some will weep and pray. But over the sea and over the veldt, with these lads that go a-soldiering, will go the message to our kindred that, whether beneath the Southern Cross or beside the northern sea, in the hour of need heart answers heart in Britain's realms throughout the wide, wide world.

*October 26th, 1899.



IN that far time, when Rome's proud eagle shone
On Dover's cliffs, two thousand years ago,
Britannia, roused by Caesar's trumpet blast,
Flung back the mantle of her savage past ;—
Embraced her destiny, and evermore,
In storm or calm, in peace or battle's roar,
The path of empire trod. The Saxon arm,
The Norman art, the subtle Celtic charm,
In age-long strife conjoined, refined, annealed,
Were hers to mould, were hers in might to wield
—And ever on, resistless, hold their way
From yonder dawn to this refulgent day.
Rome ruled the olden world, but nevermore
Her golden eagle shines on sea or shore ;
While she whose slumbering soul great Caesar woke,
Whose neck was bowed beneath the Roman yoke
—Britannia—flings her banners to the breeze,
The proudest earthly realm, the mistress of the seas !



Imperial Britain.

Age and its wisdom are thine,
Strength, and the ardor of youth ;
Stand for a purpose divine
—Stand for the right and the truth.

Heed not the little men's cry,
Sever no branch from the tree ;
Draw ever closer the tie
Binding thy children to thee.

Better that thou and thine own
Shoulder to shoulder should stand,
Justice and freedom enthrone
Over the sea and the land.

Foremost in grandeur of aim,
Let thy foundations be sure ;
Then shall men honor thy name,
So shall thy glory endure.



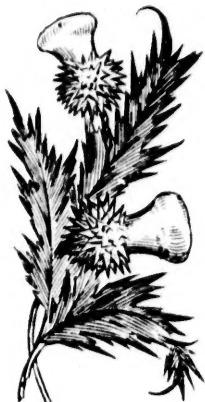


Victorian Jubilee, 1897.

FOREMOST queen in England's annals,
Crowned with honor as with years !
Fruitful years of high example,
In a world too apt with sneers.
Foremost queen, and yet most queenly
When the cry of human pain
Waked an answer, swift and tender,
From a heart where grief had lain.

Not the homage that the tyrant
Levies with an iron hand
Is the tribute of the nation,
But from every British land,
Round the world the echoes thrilling,
Where Britannia's banner flies
Loyal hearts with love outspoken
Ring the anthem to the skies.

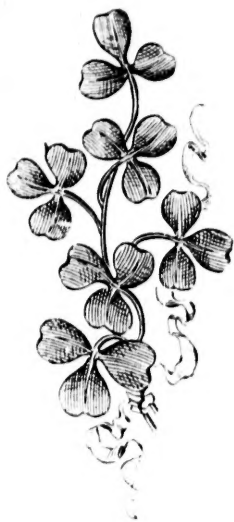




Fifty years of matchless progress
In the annals of the race ;
Growth of freedom and of knowledge,
Love of truth and deeds of grace.
Science, piercing realms unmeasured,
Broadens life from age to age,
Reads the everlasting purpose
Writ on Nature's changeful page.

Where but seemed a dull inertness
Wondrous life and power thrill—
Mighty forces man, the master,
Holds in leash to do his will.
Forces that, for good or evil,
Leap to life at his command,
Change the world as by enchantment
In the shadow of his hand.





With the mantle of the fathers
Falls a higher trust than theirs,
Richer fields are yet to conquer,
Mightier deeds for him who dares
Let the genius that has moulded
Britain's empire triumph still,
More of freedom and of progress,
Nobler use of mind and will.

Peace—but not the peace of cowards,
Trembling at the touch of steel;
Greed and Hate have still a purpose,
That their smiles but half conceal.
Holding Britain's past in honor,
Planning nobler things to be,
Strong, united, free and fearless,
So we keep the Jubilee.





DRINK to the knights of old !
Tales of their might be told,
Now as in days of yore ;
Drink to the sea-dogs grim !
Who to the wide world's rim,
Dauntless their banners bore.

Heirs of the blood are we,
Fearless as they, and free,
Ready to right the wrong ;
Aye—when a tyrant hand
Falls on a British land
—Ready to strike, and strong !



Canada.

Thou of the sinewy North,
Standing alert in the dawn,
What will thy day issue forth
Ere it shall fade and be gone?

Aye! thou art stal art and strong
Yet, for the light of thy day,
Toilsome the labor and long,
Countless the graves by the way.

Nations whose glory hath fled,
Empires, now but a name
Traced in the dust of the dead,
Once were as proud of their fame.

They in the noon of their pride
Scaled the lone heights of renown,
Had their brief hour—and died—
Reaped not the fields they had sown.

Yet, not in vain was their toil,
Fruitless no seed hath been sown,
Pregnant it springs from the soil,
Ripens and scatters its own.

Thine are the limitless fields,
Golden with fruitage of time,
Thine be the wisdom that yields
Faith for a mission sublime.

Grant, when thy story be told,
Truly the pen may record,
Thine was the glory to hold
Steadfast the trust of the Lord.

74TH BATT.

Bishop, Wm. A.	Hammond, Albert.
Chappell, Montrose C.	Lutz, Ernest A.
Chapman, Geo.	Lutz, John A.
Creighton, Crandall M.	McCreary, Patrick H.
Durant, Henry E.	Tower, Bradford G.
Ferguson, Daniel.	Wanamake, Herbert L.

71ST BATT.

Aitken, Joseph M.	Perkins, John A.
Jones, S.	Pickles, John B.
Leavitt, Herbert.	Pringle, James.
McFarlane, Robert B.	Stevenson, Pillans S.
McLeod, John.	Walker, Fred G.
	Wilson, John H.

12TH FIELD BATTERY.

Anslow, Charles W.	Harris, Benjamin.
Gifford, Bert.	Kitchen, William.
	Mathieson, Osborne

73RD BATT.

Dutney, John.	Munroe, John R.
Keswick, Geo. T.	Ward, Robert S.

8TH HUSSARS.

Adams, Fred G.	Hubly, Russell C.	McMullen, Wm.
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78TH BATT.

Singer, Lester M.

ROYAL SCOTS.

Stanton, Leigh.

R. C. R. I.

Baker, Watson.	McCollom, John H.
Brown, Harry.	McLaughlin, H. P.
Campbell, Geo. E.	Miller, Hugh.
Eite, William.	Quinn, Martin J.
Flewelling, Ernest.	Redden, Henry.
Fradsham, Harry.	Scott, Jacob B.
Hallamore, William.	Sheldon, Alfred
Harvie, Robie.	Simpson, Percy.
Hennessey, Bryan P.	Wallace, William V.
Keddy, Edward.	Warren, William.

Woodward, Fred S.

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